

Victorian Social Novels (I)

C. Dickens : HARD TIMES

Hard Times, which Dickens dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, the early Victorian literary prophet, who had proposed "The Condition of England Question" in *Chartism* (1839), is apparently written under the influence of Carlyle, and as E. Johnson says, "burns an indignant sympathy for the injustice under which the workers suffered and is violent in its repudiation of extreme Utilitarian philosophy represented in *Gradgrind* and *Bounderby*."¹

It seems that the general evaluation of the book differs from a critic to another. Some critics violently ignore its value in the literary world, whereas some others show willingness to exaggerate its value. For example, H. V. Routh insists that "the book is almost devoid of its author's most characteristic flashes of genius, because Dickens is trying, not quite successfully, to keep himself to realism,"² and Bernard Darwin regards it "surely not a fine book at all," adding "it was what the best of players must sometimes make, a bad shot."³ Even stronger is the view of Stephen Leacock. He writes:

The story *Hard Times* has no other interest in the history of letters than that of its failure.... A large part of the book is mere trash; hardly a chapter of it is worth reading today; not an incident or a character belonging to it survives or deserves to.... Not a chapter or a passage in the book is part of Dickens's legacy to the world.⁴

For all these opinions unfavorable to the book, we are not much in trouble in finding the strong supporters of the book. G. K. Chesterton, though he denies that *Hard Times* is one of the greatest books of Dickens', argues that "it is perhaps in a sense one of his greatest monuments."⁵ John Ruskin also greatly admired the book and urged that the novels of Dickens, "but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions."⁶ F. R. Leavis, from his view point of aesthetics, thinks much of the book. He says, "Of all Dickens' works it is the one that has all the strength of his genius, together with a strength no other of them can show--that of a completely serious work of art."⁷ But it seems that G. B. Shaw's view is the most powerful of all in favor of the book. Though he is sure there are some real failures in the book, he evaluates it highly from his social point of view:

Clearly this is not the Dickens who burlesqued the old song of the Fine Old Gentleman, and saw in the evils he attacked only the sins and wickednesses and follies of a great civilization. This is Karl Marx, Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, Carpenter, rising up against civilization itself as against a disease, and declaring that it is not our disorder but our order that is horrible; that it is not our criminals but our magnates that are robbing and murdering us; and that it is not merely Tom-All-Along's that must be demolished and abolished, pulled down, rooted up, and made for ever impossible so that nothing shall remain of it but History's record of its infamy, but our entire social system.⁸

In spite of their differences in general evaluation of the book, most of the critics agree that the Union meeting scene in it is a "real" failure, and it seems that the failure

results from Dickens' view of Trade Unionism. Therefore, the purpose of this paper should be to discuss Dickens' attitude towards Trade Unionism and its movements. Since the scene mainly involves Stephen Blackpool, it seems better to see here the circumstances in which he is and against which he reacts.

Coketown, where Stephen Blackpool lives and works, is depicted with Dickens' powerful and sarcastic strokes. It is a town of red brick so blackened with smoke and ashes that it looks unnatural red black. It is a town in which all of the buildings are so much alike that one cannot distinguish the jail from the infirmary or the town hall, without reading the names inscribed above the doors. It is a town of machinery "like an elephant in state of melancholy madness" and of tall chimneys with their "interminable serpents of smoke" that settles in the lungs of the workers; a town with a black canal and a river that run purple with the stinking dye of industrial waste; a town with a stifling smell of hot oil every-where. Though the town has eighteen denominations who have each built a chapel and made it "a pious warehouse of red blick," it is a perplexing mystery who belongs to the denominations, "because, whoever did, the laboring people did not," even though there are always petitions to the House of Commons for acts of Parliament to make them religious by main force. The town has no great part of fancy and imagination; it is a town of "a triumph of fact":

Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchaseable in the cheapest market and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end.⁹

"In the hardest working part of Coketown; in the innermost fortifications of that ugly citadel, where Nature was so strongly bricked out as killing airs and gases were bricked in," Stephen Blackpool, a "hand" of forty years of age, has his humble refuge "among the multitude of 'the Hands,'--a race who would have found more favor with some people, if Providence had been fit to make them only hands, or like the lower creatures of the seashore, only hands and stomachs."¹⁰ He, as well as the other hands, goes in and out "at the same hours with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work." To him and also to the others each day is "the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next."¹¹

To the hard-headed Utilitarian capitalists and factory-owners in the town, so dedicated to "facts and statistics," those working people are merely "the hands" of their melancholy mad elephants, which never cease to puff out serpent-like smoke at the risk of death and destruction of the workers as well as the townsmen. The very smoke seems to them the most nutritious "meat and drink" to fill their insatiable greed. Bounderby, a champion of the vulgar rising middle-class and money-seeking manufacturers of Coketown, blatantly declares:

'...You see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs.... We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we wear 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland.'¹²

To this Bounderby, who is well called "the Bully of Humanity," his workers are nothing but "the pests of the earth," whose sole and direct concern in life is "to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a golden spoon."¹³ With these inhuman mill-owners and many other troubles, Coketown is "merely the purgatory in which individuals suffer."¹⁴

II

Stephen Blackpool is one of "the pests" working in Bounderby's mill. So far he has been a good power-loom weaver, respected by his fellow-workers as "a man of perfect integrity," and regarded in a sense even by his employer as "a steady and reasonable worker" who never has complained of anything, in spite of the deplorable misery of his domestic life. But he has never been satisfied with things around him. Not to speak of his domesticity, the town itself is to him a "muddle." Determining to obtain a divorce from his drunken, degenerate wife, he goes for advice to Bounderby, only to be ridiculingly informed that the laws of the land are not for the benefit of the poor:

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you.... I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred pound," said Mr Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."¹⁵

Realizing that money is the only key that opens the doors of the Courts of Justice in England, Stephen helplessly mutters: "'Tis just a muddle a'together, an the sooner I am dead, the better."¹⁶

Dickens here, as in the case of the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House*, is censuring another aspect of the rotten legal system of the country. The law of divorce was a topical subject at the time of his writing of this book. It is said that Lord Redesdale, opposing the Divorce Bill at issue, allowed that "a divorce could at present be obtained only by the rich."¹⁷ Dickens could not have been indifferent to this topic of the time, especially since he was very tired of his wife.

This defeat by the laws strengthens Stephen's philosophy of "muddle of society." After he has been isolated from his fellow-workers, he is invited by Bounderby, to whom Stephen shows no submissiveness, but rather shows sincere self-respect and expresses dark summation of the life of individual workers:

"Deed we are in a muddle, sir. Look round town--so rich as 'tis-- and see the numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein heer, fur to weave, an to card, an to piece out a livin', aw the same one way, somehows, twixt their cradles and their graves. Look how we live, an wheer we live, an in what numbers,, an by what chances, an wi' what sameness; and look how the mills is awlus a goin. and how they never works us no nigher to ony dis'ant object--

ceptin awlus, Death. Look how you considers of us, an writes of us, an talks of us, and goes up wi' yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, and how yo are awlus right, and how we are awlus wrong, never had'n no reason in us sin ever we were born. Look how this ha grown and grown, sir, bigger an bigger, broader an broader, harder an harder, fro year to year, fro generation unto generation. We can look on't, sir, and fairly tell a man 'tis not a muddle?"¹⁸

Stephen is seriously aware of the miserable social conditions of the workers; he is also quite confident that the cause of all their miseries is the inhumanity which inevitably follows the utilitarian laissez-faire policy with the hostile divisions it creates in society. The division is real in Coketown, where, "by the prejudices of his own class, and by the prejudices of the other,"¹⁹ an honest man like Stephen is destined to be sacrificed. He never hesitates to denounce the policy:

"...Nor yet lettin alone will never do't. Let thousands upon thousands alone, aw leadin the like lives and aw faw'en into the like muddle, and they will be as one, and yo will be as anoother, wi' a black un passable world betwixt yo, just as long or short a time as stich-like misery can last.... Most o' aw, ratin 'em as so much Power, and reg'latin 'em as if they was figures in a soom, or machines: wi'out loves and likeins, wi'out memories and inclinations, wi'out souls to weary and souls to hope--when aw goes quiet, draggin on wi' 'em as if they'd nowt o' th' kind, an when aw goes on quiet, reproachin 'e, for their want o' sitch humanly feelis in their dealins wi' yo--this will never do't, sir, till God's work is onmade."²⁰

Here we see Stephen's insistence that humanity is essential in every relation of human affairs.

III

In spite of his clear awareness of the social injustices and of the workers' misery brought up by them, Stephen refuses to join the union, which should be expected to defend its members against the injustices done by the other class. The reasons he gives are: "I ha' my reasons-mine, yo see for being hindered; not on'y now, but awlus-awlus life long!"²¹, and Louisa's statement and question to Rachael, which is never answered convincingly: "He fell into suspicion with his fellow-weavers, because he had made a promise not to be one of them.... Might I ask you why you made it?"²² It is sure that Stephen has passed a promise to Rachael, but it has not been made by compulsion. Rather it is his promise made at his own deepest accord regardless of Rachael's heartfelt pray "to avoid trouble for his own good." The promise is made to his conscience through his own strong determination. Religiously speaking, it is, to him, a promise to God, because Rachael to whom he promises seems to him the guiding Angel of his life: "When I passed that promess, I tow'd her true, she were th' Angel o' my life. 'Twere a solemn promess. 'Tis gone from me, for ever."²³

Stephen has a complete faith in his fellow-workers. Even in isolation from them, he endeavors to defend them against his employer's malignity towards them, and has a courage to insist that men are no machines, but that they do have souls. He alleges

“with the rugged earnestness of his place and character - deepened perhaps by a proud consciousness that he was faithful to his class under all their mistrust:

“... They’re true to one another, faithfo’ to one another, ’fectionate to one another, e’en to death. Be poor amoong ‘em, be sick amoong ‘em, grieve amoong ‘em for onny o’ th’ monny causes that carries grief to the poor man’s door, an they’ll be tender wi’ yo, comfortable wi’ yo, chrisen wi’ yo,…”²⁴

With all this faith in his fellow-workers, he refuses to join the union, because his mistrust to the union organizers is so strong, though he believes that as long as this muddle of society and the injurious maltreatment of the working people continue, hundreds of organizers like Slackbridge will come out one after another in order to organize and agitate the working people against utilitarian capitalists, who never cease to corrupt or even murder them “wi’out need.” In answering Bounderby who suggests that employers should “indict the blackguards for felony, and get ‘em shipped off to penal settlements,” he rebukes without reserve:

“If yo was t’ tak a hundred Slackbridges aw as there is, and aw the number ten times towd an was t’ sew ‘em up in separate sacks, an sink ‘em in the deepest ocean..., yo’d leave the muddle just wheer ‘tis.... ‘Tis not by *them* the trouble’s made, sir. ‘Tis not wi’ *them* ‘t commences... ‘tis hopeless an useless to dream o’ takin’ them from their trade, ‘stead o’ takin their trade fro them! Aw that’s now about me in this room were heer afore I coom, an will be heer when I am gone. Put that clock aboard a ship an pack it off to Norfolk Island, an the time will go on just the same. So ‘tis wi’ Slackbridge every bit.”²⁵

Thus, in Stephen’s opinion, such agitating union organizers are necessary evils in the confusion of materialistic society, where “the rich are always right, and the poor wrong,” but he fears the tyranny that might be done by those organizers over the individuals’ rights. He thinks they rather belong to the opposite class than to his own. He does not hesitate to confess this doubt at the union meeting: “I doubt their doin’ yo onny good. Licker they’ll do yo hurt.”²⁶ Therefore, he sticks to his own individual line at the risk of separation from other workers, which, he is sure, will come as a natural reaction to his refusal. Quite naturally he is ostracized by his fellow-workers, and even worse, he is also dismissed by the employer because of his defending the workers. Just before he takes his last breath, he preaches about the necessity of mutual understanding between individuals and between classes:

“...If soom ha’ been wantin’ unnerstan’in me better, I, too, ha’ been wantin’ in unnerstan’in them better... in our judgements, like as in our doins, we mun bear and forbear. In my pain an trouble,... I ha’ seen more clear, and ha’ made it my dying prayer that aw th’ world may on’y coom togetther more, an get a better unnerstan’in o’ one another, than when I were in’t my own weak seln.”²⁷

Ruskin alleges that “Stephen Blackpool [is] a dramatic [perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman.”²⁸ But when we see “a certain rough vigor and independence of thought and feeling” among the Preston workers,²⁹ and when we

see that trade unions during the period (1848-68) worked generally "for conciliation rather than war," and that "in spite of occasional strikes in the fifties this period as a whole was one of peace between the organized forces of labor and management,"³⁰ it seems true that, as Leavis insists, "the kind of self-respecting steadiness and conscientious restraint" represented in Stephen "did certainly exist on a large scale among the working classes." Leavis emphasizes this as "an important historical fact."³¹ Dickens himself reports in "On Strike" that even in the midst of lasting Preston strike there were eighty-five people at work in a mill where four hundred usually could find employment, and he adds surprisedly: "I heard of one girl among them, and only one, who had been hustled and struck in a dark street."³² Stephen's attitude towards trade unions seems no uncommon thing among the workers at the time.

Confronting Stephen's refusal to join the union, the workers at the meeting are not completely against him, but rather they show sympathy with him. They seem to share the same doubt about the organizers, but finally they are utterly convinced by Slackbridge's tactful oratory that "private feeling must yield to the common cause."³³

Slackbridge, a representative of the union organizers, is presented in contrast to Stephen. His windy and foaming rhetoric is done with splendid brio:

"Oh my friends, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! Oh my friends and fellow countrymen, the slaves of an iron-handed and a grinding despotism! Oh my friends and fellow-sufferers, and fellow-workmen, and fellow-men! I tell you that the hour is come, when we must rally round one another as one united power, and crumble into dust the oppressors that too long have fattened upon the plunder of our families, upon the sweat of our brows, upon the labor of our hands, upon the strength of our sinews, upon the God-created glorious rights of Humanity, and upon the holy and eternal privileges of Brotherhood!"³⁴

He promises a Utopia to the workers, but once he hears Stephen announce his decision not to join the union, he turns the friendly workers against Stephen, overriding their natural decency and tolerance by his oratory:

"Oh my friends and fellow-men!" said Slackbridge then, shaking his head with violent scorn, "I do not wonder that you, the prostrate sons of labour, are incredulous of the existence of such a man. But he who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage existed, and Judas Iscariot existed, and Castlereagh existed, and this man exists!"³⁵

And later, as soon as he finds Stephen under suspicion of the bank robbery, he makes the best use of the chance to capitalize upon his "disgrace" in order to strengthen his own position with the workers:

"...now I say, my friends, what appellation has that dastard craven taken to himself, when, with the mask torn from his features, he stands before us in all his native deformity, a What? A thief! A plunderer! A proscribed fugitive, with a price upon his head; a fester and a wound upon the noble character of the Coketown operative! Therefore, my band of brothers in a sacred bond, to which your children and your children's children yet unborn have set their infant hands and seals, I propose to you on the part of the United Aggregate Tribunal, ever

watchful for your welfare, ever zealous for your benefit, that this meeting resolve: That Stephen Blackpool, weaver, referred to in this placard, having been already solemnly disowned by the community of Coketown Hands, the same are free from the shame of his misdeeds, and cannot as a class be reproached with his dishonest actions!"³⁶

In this satirical description of Slackbridge, Dickens shows his deep-rooted hatred of union organizers. As Raymond Chapman has observed, "despite his new respect for legislation reforms, Dickens remained distrustful of the tyranny of the organizations over the individual. He saw this tyranny in the trade union movement, which seemed to him to be often using the workers' misery to further selfish interests for a few."³⁷ Dickens himself writes of Slackbridge:

He was not so honest, he was not so manly, he was not so good-humoured; he substituted cunning for their simplicity, and passion for their safe solid sense.... Strange as it is always to consider any assembly in the act of submissively resigning itself to the dreariness of some complacent person, lord or commoner, whom three-fourths of it could, by no human means, raise out of the slough of inanity to their own intellectual level, it was particularly strange, and it was even particularly affecting, to see this crowd of earnest faces, whose honesty in the main no competent observer free from bias could doubt, so agitated by such a leader.³⁸

Whoever the prototype of Slackbridge may be, Gruffshaw in "On Strike," the professional speaker guilty of conspiracy against another local union, or Feargus O'Connor,³⁹ one of the Chartist leaders, who were looked on "with the same fear and abhorrence as a Communist is today,"⁴⁰ Slackbridge appears to be too much exaggerated in his demonic demagoguery to be believed real in any age. Though Leavis insists that "there were undoubtedly professional agitators" and that "trade union solidarity was undoubtedly often asserted at the expense of the individuals' rights,"⁴¹ Shaw seems to be more persuasive in this point. He says, "Slackbridge, the trade union organizer, is a mere figment of the middle-class imagination." He continues:

No such man would be listened to by a meeting of English factory hands. Not that such meetings are less susceptible to humbug than meetings of any other class.... But even at their worst trade union organizers are not a bit like Slackbridge. All this is pure middle-class ignorance. It is much as if a tramp were to write a description of millionaires smoking large cigars in church, with their wives in low-necked dresses and diamonds.⁴²

Johnson is of the same opinion as Shaw, and reflecting Shaw's view, he concludes:

Dickens knew human nature too well not to know that fundamentally labouring men were like all men, and he knew domestic servants and artisans working for small tradesman, but of the class manners and behaviour of industrial labourers he had made no more than a superficial observation in some half-dozen trips through the Midlands.⁴³

IV

Thus discussed, it seems that "when Dickens comes to the trade unions his understanding of the world he offers to deal with betrays a marked limitation."⁴⁴ He misunderstood the working people and the leaders of the union movement. Even worse, he believed that the interests of capital and labor were identical.

As for his misunderstanding of the working people and their leaders, he misbelieved that the workers were so miserably ignorant that their leaders should be bound to be demagogic frauds like Gruffshaw and Slackbridge, and also he misbelieved that the unions were likely to violate liberty by being exclusive and tyrannical towards the individual workers who refused to join them.⁴⁵ In "Locked Out" he deplorably wrote about workers' ignorance and the danger it would result in:

Nine-tenths of the human beings tending and controlling the wondrous creatures, are so ignorant they cannot read and write, while more than one-half are destitute of either accomplishment. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find an overlooker, a man in authority, and exercising proportionate influence over his fellow workmen, who can neither read a newspaper, nor sign his name.

Admitting the masters' view that "the cleverest workman... is always the agitator," he wrote: "Comparative ability and shrewdness on the one side, ignorance, youth, and ambition on the other: what must not be the inevitable result?" Then he scornfully concludes the article as follows:

Ignorance of the most deplorable kind is at the root of all this sort of strife and demoralizing misery. Every employer of labour should write up over his mill door, that Brains in the Operative's Head is Money in the Master's Pocket.⁴⁶

According to House, the demagoguery of the union leaders "was a legacy from the earlier amalgamating, revolutionary period, and was very largely justified. For in the period of Chartism and the large national unions the working-class movement was grotesquely top-heavy and therefore unstable: the middle-class mistrust of 'demagogues' and 'paid agitators,' whatever its motives may have been, was justified in the sense that national leadership had not developed out of solidly organized cells of local opinion. Local organization even in the fifties was likely as in the Preston strike, to be *ad hoc* affair called into being by a particular dispute, and Dickens was faithful in his reporting, in 'On Strike,' of the way that outside influence was likely to be overridden: but in *Hard Times* he regarded local union as dynamically inferior to Slackbridge's bluster."⁴⁷

Considered in this way, it seems that Dickens meant to imply in the trade union meeting scene that Stephen was socially separated in spite of a predominating feeling in his favor, and that the other workers were alike duped by Slackbridge's rhetoric.

Dickens' view of the unions' exclusiveness and tyranny seems to have been based upon his strong favor of individual human rights. We know that so far as we enjoy social life, some restrictions by laws of our activities are inevitable. But Dickens could not believe it desirable. Though he realized that Stephen had little chance of getting another job, once he was boycotted by his fellow-workers and also sacked by the employer, yet, as House points out, he did not draw from this conclusion that "an indi-

vidual worker could not be the equal of an employer in bargaining power, and that "the ideal bargaining for labor price ... only had any meaning when the bargaining was done by a unanimous combination."⁴⁸

Dickens declared his belief that the interests of employers and employees were identical. This declaration was made in "On Strike." In it he discussed the strike at Preston with a man who insisted that the men on strike "wanted to be ground,... to bring 'em to their senses," and he asserted that understanding and consideration rather than the laws of political economy should govern the relations between capital and labor. He even judged that "this associated lock-out was a grave error." But he was never a supporter of the workers on strike. Trying to be a good friend to both classes, he observed the faults should be ascribed to both classes equally. This is the point he made:

"In fact sir, I doubt the existence at this present time of many faults that are merely class faults. In the main, I am disposed to think that whatever faults you may find to exist, in your own neighborhood for instance, among the hands, you will find tolerably equal in amount among the masters also, and even among the classes above the masters."⁴⁹

And his political conclusion was that the strike was not right at all:

In any aspect in which it can be viewed, this strike and lock-out is a deplorable calamity. In its waste of time, in its waste of a great people's energy, in its waste of wages, in its waste of wealth that seeks to be employed, in its encroachment on the means of many thousands who are labouring from day to day, in the gulf of separation it hourly deepens between those whose interests must be understood to be identical or must be destroyed, it is a great national affliction.⁵⁰

Here, a great deal of attention [must be] paid to the phrase "between those whose interests must be understood to be identical," which consequently leads Dickens to suggest that the dispute should be settled by arbitration:

I would entreat both sides now so miserably opposed, to consider whether there was no man in England above suspicion, to whom they might refer the matters in dispute, with a perfect confidence above all things in the desire of those men to act justly, and in their sincere attachment to their countrymen of every rank and to their country.⁵¹

The doctrine of the identity of interests between classes was not uncommon among the utilitarians and political economists: there is little real difference in theory between Dickens and utilitarian economists like Malthus, who popularized a particularly callous language for social thinking, e.g. "redundant" population.⁵²

It is quite clear that, as S. Cooperman insists, Dickens was "no leveller."⁵³ He was never completely against the master-class. So he could not have been sympathetic with the idea of class-struggle. Instead, he abode by his old "man-to-man" benevolence in the relations between employers and employees in the large-scale industry. By doing so, he gave Stephen a chance to speak up "humanity and mutual understanding" which he believed should govern the world affairs. It seems that Dickens shared so-called "shallow

optimism" of the age, believing that "human intelligence might apply itself successfully to the prevention of disasters."⁵⁴

To conclude the paper, a quotation from Shaw is attractive:

It is especially important to notice that Dickens expressly says in this book that the workers were wrong to organize themselves in trade unions, thereby endorsing what was perhaps the only practical mistake of the Gradgrind school that really mattered much. And having thus thoughtlessly adopted, or at least repeated this error, long since explored, of the philosophic Radical school from which he started, he turns his back frankly on Democracy, and adopts the idealized Toryism of Carlyle and Ruskin, in which the aristocracy are the masters and superiors of the People, and also the servants of the People and of God.⁵⁵

It was not until 1856 that Dickens came to see the strike as a useful instrument for those who had no other means available to them.⁵⁶

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- 3 Bernard Darwin, *Dickens: Great Lives* (London: Duckworth, 1947), p. 99.
- 4 Stephen Leacock, *Charles Dickens* (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1934), p. 170.
- 5 G. K. Chesterton, *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* (New York: Dodd Mead & Company, 1906), p. 230.
- 6 John Ruskin, "A Note on 'Hard Times'" *The Dickens Critics*, ed. G. H. Ford and Lauriat Lane, Jr. (New York: Cornell Univ. Press, 1961), pp. 47-48.
- 7 F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition* (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1964), p. 227.
- 8 G. B. Shaw, "'Hard Times,'" *The Dickens Critics*, ed. G. H. Ford and Lauriat Lane, Jr. (New York: Cornell Univ. Press, 1961), pp. 127-28.
- 9 Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*, ed. David Craig (Baltimore: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969), p. 66. The title is designated as HT in this paper.
- 10 Ibid. pp. 102-3.
- 11 Ibid. p. 65.
- 12 Ibid. p. 159.
- 13 Ibid. p. 109.
- 14 John Butt and K. Tillotson, *Dickens at Work* (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1957), p. 212.
- 15 *HT*, p. 113.
- 16 *HT*, p. 113.
- 17 Butt, p. 210.
- 18 *HT*, p. 180.
- 19 *HT*, p. 88.
- 20 *HT*, p. 182.
- 21 *HT*, p. 173.
- 22 *HT*, p. 189.

- 23 *HT*, p. 189.
- 24 *HT*, p. 179.
- 25 *HT*, p. 181.
- 26 *HT*, p. 173.
- 27 *HT*, pp. 290-91.
- 28 Ruskin, p. 47:
- 29 Butt, p. 212.
- 30 Thomas M. Parrott and R. B. Martin, *A Companion to Victorian Literature* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1955). pp. 49-50.
- 31 Leavis, p. 246.
- 32 "On Strike." *HW*, VIII (11 Feb. 1854), 558.
- 33 *HT*, p. 175.
- 34 *HT*, pp. 169-70.
- 35 *HT*, p. 172.
- 36 *HT*, p. 268.
- 37 Raymond Chapman, *The Victorian Debate* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1968), p. 120.
- 38 *HT*, p. 170.
- 39 Chapman, p. 120.
- 40 Parrott, p. 32.
- 41 Leavis, p. 245.
- 42 Shaw, pp. 122-23.
- 43 Johnson, p. 811.
- 44 Leavis, p. 245.
- 45 Humphrey House, *The Dickens World* (London: Oxford Univ. Press. 1941), p. 209.
- 46 "Locked Out," *HW*, VIII (10 Dec. 1853), 345-48.
- 47 House, pp. 209-210.
- 48 *Ibid.* p. 210.
- 49 pp. 553-54.
- 50 p. 558.
- 51 p. 558.
- 52 *HT*, p. 321, n. 12.
- 53 Stephen Cooperman, "Dickens and the Secular Blasphemy," *CE*, XXII (1960-61), 159.
- 54 John D. Cooke and Lionel Stevenson, *English Literature of the Victorian Period* (New York: Appleton Century Crofts, Inc., 1949). pp. 7-8.
- 55 Shaw, p. 133.
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